Date: 11-22-88 23:44
From: Sourdough Jackson
To: All
Subj: Heaven

HEAVEN IS A RESTING-PLACE

I reject the mortal fear
Which brings on doctrine-strife,
For I have seen with poet's eyes
The Door twixt Death and Life.
I know not what might lie beyond;
That time is yet to come.
     Heaven is a resting-place,
     A home to journey from.

The churchmen argue overmuch
On who is out and in,
On how they should be organized,
And how their neighbors sin.
The flag is not the nation;
The whole is more than sum;
     Heaven is a resting-place,
     A home to journey from.

When God is shrunk to fit a Church,
The greater part is lost,
The Holy Ghost too oft gets thrown
When "heathen trash" is tossed.

If God's knocked down to Patriarch,

Full half of God's struck dumb.

     Heaven is a resting-place,

     A home to journey from.

I shall fear not for my friends,

Nor worry for my kin,

And when I face that bright-lit Door

I'll joyfully go in.

All those dear to me will join

The Feast of Friends to come:

     Heaven is a resting-place,

     A home to journey from.

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--- Gnome v1.20

 * Origin: The Lizard King-"I am the Lizard King; I can do anything."(1:104/45.5)